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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1908.

The Session's Probable Accomplishments for the District.

It is too early to count the Congressional concessions to the city of Washington, which are to be credited to the current session of Congress. A good deal is in formation which promises extremely well for the Capital City. By the time it is ground through the legislative processes it may be reduced to a total of accomplishment very much less satisfactory.

But in the matter of relations of the public service corporations to the people, it can hardly be denied that a more acute realization of actualities has been enforced upon the legislative mind than ever before seemed to find lodgment there. The Times feels that in this achievement alone the people have gained much. Whether the fruition shall come at this session or not, there is good reason to believe that no relaxation of interest will be permitted until a considerable measure of accomplishment shall have been wrought out of this new-developed conception of the duty of Congress to the District.

The plight of Washington, with its anomalous government, has been laid before the country as never before. It would be a surprise and a gratification to the people if they could know how generally and intelligently the newspaper correspondents who represent papers in all sections, have lent their services and influence to presenting the situation to the whole country. Nothing could be of more practical benefit than this. Scores and scores of articles on the Washington situation have been published and republished all over the country. Magazines and periodicals have been interesting themselves. The demand that the Nation's Capital, which is also administratively the nation's ward, shall not degenerate into a horrible example of incompetent and archaic methods has been going up from all parts of the country.

The appeal has been made in the right quarter, and in the right way. The nation at large wants to be proud of Washington. It has been as proud as possible of its Capital, but it has not, till now, been permitted to see beneath the surface. Beautiful trees and smooth asphalt have hidden defects in the governmental system of this District, which at last the country is getting to understand. When the millions of the whole country get interested to the point of insisting that Washington shall be in reality a model of good and disinterested administration, then will Washington begin to benefit by the crusade for better things.

There should be no question about the passage of a public service commission law. There is no city in the country which in the nature of things needs such a commission so much as Washington. The legislative power is alien, and preoccupied. It would be an injustice to the nation if Congress were to give as much of its time to governing the District of Columbia as would be necessary to do that work well. It must delegate more of its powers, and delegation to such a commission has been proposed is the method adopted nowadays in the most progressive communities.

Filling the Oriental Eye.

Clear, cold philosophy underlies Mr. Taft's suggestion that we fill the Oriental eye in order to impress the Oriental mind. The filling in this particular case is the Battle Fleet.

"I was in the Philippines," says the President's right-hand man, "when the report was that we were going to war with Japan, and there was a great unsettled feeling among the Filipinos. When they heard that the battleships—sixteen of them—were going out into the Pacific, that unsettled feeling ceased to be." Simultaneously there was some let-up in the chauvinism of the Japanese.

"We do not want to use a navy to fight; we want to use a navy to prevent fighting." Thus the Battle Fleet—the finest of its size afloat—is useful not to provoke so much as to discourage belligerency. In the last few weeks there has been a marked decrease of war talk except on the part of the Hobsonites; and even the hero of Santiago has begun to qualify his hair-raising predictions.

Clothes and the Man.

"It is not right that a man should have his soul wearing sober garb." This comes from Frank D. Somers, who is described as the "poet laureate of the Merchant Tailors' Association." But there is nothing novel about this masculine protest. Ruskin said virtually the same thing a good many years ago. In fact, he went a step farther, and argued that the right sort of men—the men he admired—were addicted to bright colors. Yet men's souls continue to be starved. At least, this is the rule in civilized communities. Probably that chieftain whom Paul du Chaillu met somewhere around Timbuctoo, with a pink undershirt concealing his ebony underpinning, was fattening his soul. He knew that he was brilliantly dressed, and he enjoyed the fact.

A time will come, maybe, when men will break away from this dismal convention that limits evening dress to black and white and the

duller hues. Critics have talked altogether too long about what women do and men should do. It isn't advancing the cause of bright or fancy evening dress for men to point out that women can do what they please, and still be regarded as lovely. Why can't men do what they please, in a sartorial way, and still be looked upon as sane and respectable?

They do, to some extent. They sport neckties that reflect the rainbow. Their linen shirts—particularly those orange and raspberry combines and the lemon-bosomed creations with sky-blue figures in high relief—are veritable declarations of independence.

But these are only day effects. At night man goes down with the sun, and loses his brilliancy and individuality. Yet Mr. Somers and his sympathizers have reason to be hopeful. Some day they will find a brave leader; a man of taste and nerve, like John Drew, for example, who will blossom out in colors of an evening and inaugurate the much-desired fashion. We doubt that he will go in for green tights, as Mr. Somers appears to hope. Men are not generally built for tights. But there will be a brightness, nevertheless.

A Baby Iconoclasm.

A well-meaning doctor up Boston way is likely to find himself out of favor if he delivers any more addresses like that reported in his home papers of last Monday. Mothers and grandmothers were his audience, and to them, their eyes gleaming with thoughts of the seraphim at home, he ventured to expound a baby iconoclasm which made his hearers bridle.

No wonder. The doctor would set aside the mother's testimony as to her own child's age and substitute the x-ray instead. "Take a child chronologically ten years old," said he. "He may really be anatomically nine or eleven years old. Which age he is can be told by x-ray examination of his wrist." Then he went on about babes, rushing in where, to say the least, the angels

have so far hesitated to tread. Here is a sample:

The baby at birth is merely an automaton. The function of the brain is almost nil, and certainly far below that of a low-grade imbecile. It is blind, although it may see light. It has a very small amount of strength except in its hands, where the strength is tremendous.

This the admirers of Darwin ascribe to the fact that the baby apes cling to the mother's fur coat when she was running away from savage beasts, and our babies, being the descendants, inherit the strength. It is a mistake to think the baby has no teeth. It is born with twenty, even if they do not show. When babies' food doesn't agree with them they have convulsions that twist their mouths, and the parents think they are smiling. They are mistaken. That which they think is caused by angelic thoughts is really caused by the stomach ache.

Then, finally, he undertook to uproot the grandmother. As the Boston Journal testifies, "the average grandmother is the sweetest, softest, easiest being in the universe. There is no sacrifice she will not make for the comfort and pleasure of the little ones—and they know it instinctively before they are old enough to walk or talk." Yet this is the character of which our doctor says:

I rather like the grandmothers. If the physician is careful they can give him facts that will help him. But I would say to the daughter: "Beware of the grandmother. Depend a little more on your own instinct. Avoid the grandmother. Let her pay the bills, but you take care of the baby."

What shall we do with a doctor like this? Would he destroy all the poetry of life? Has he in all the range of his psychological development no boyhood recollection of a cookie jar? Did he never see a young mother, making her babe laugh? Doesn't he know that the trio of grandmother, mother, and child are every day nearer heaven than ordinary men get once in a lifetime? Against that would he pose his little learning as a physician?

There is only one thing to do with such a man. Let him go back home and venture some of these theories on Mrs. Doctor, and Mother Doctor, too, if that unhappy matron still lives. If he will do that we venture to think he will not give other women much more of this kind of trouble.

There doesn't seem to be good reason for finding fault about buying eight more submarines. Russia is going to spend a billion dollars on a new navy; if she can find a place to borrow it—and everybody knows that as soon as it gets close to any shooting it will be transformed into a submarine armament.

It seems to be about the right time for the submarine lobby to dive and show how long it can keep out of sight.

The experience of General Stoessel certainly ought to be a great encouragement to patriotism and disinterested service in the Russian cause—not.

Mr. Harriman, meanwhile, has quietly pulled in the Illinois Central, and there is no evidence that he intends to let go of anything he has been holding.

The Octopus octopus is in a way to lose a tentacle or two.

Let's see, didn't Mrs. Hetty Green mention that she had loaned a million to the Whitneys? Maybe there's something to this story that Miss Whitney is to wed a Hungarian count.

It would make the Presidential preliminaries easier if the Constitution could be amended to provide for enlarging the number of Vice Presidents, so that more tails might be attached to a particular boom.

POOH FOR OLD BOREAS!

The winter might be working, but it won't. It might be cold enough to make you faint. The rivers might be freezing, but they don't. The weather might be icy, but it ain't.

So a fig for every calendar that hangs upon the wall. And a plish for every almanac there is. So a hal' for every winter time that never came at all. And a hoot for every pond that never froze.

It might have been near zero, but it wasn't. The snowflakes might be falling, but they aren't. The ice-skate might be working, but it doesn't. Toboggans might be flying, but they can't.

So a snort for all the weathermen that cannot make it cold. And a sneer for all the weathermen that don't. And I wish this poem might sting 'em into Jan-jug it more bold. But I'm here to risk a silver that it won't.

JEWELS IN BUSINESS.

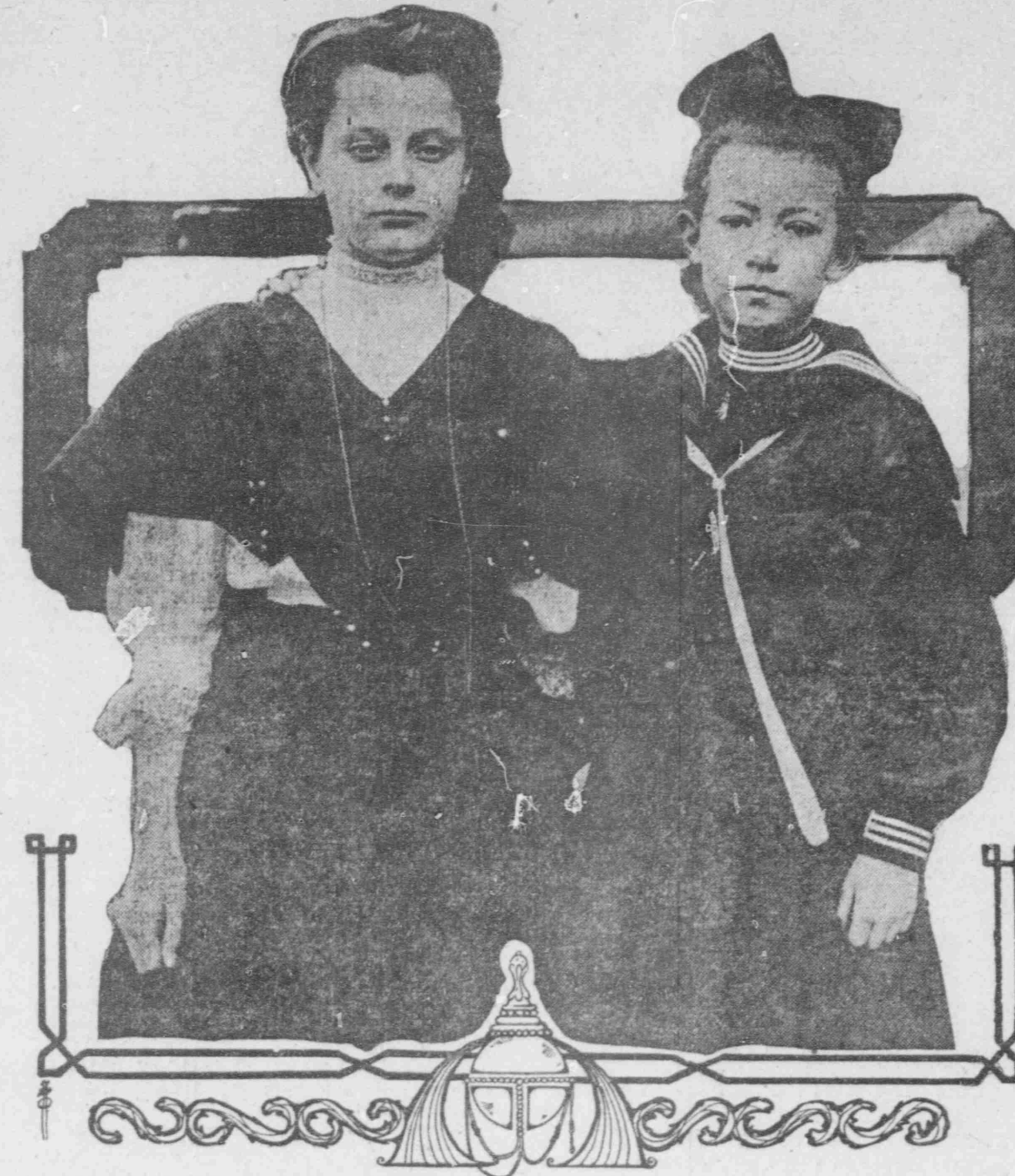
One of the interesting features of the great industry conducted by the Federal Electric Company is its trade in precious stones. In the course of a year the company uses many thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and sapphires, which are being constantly shipped in from Australia, Holland, London, Paris, Brazil, and New Zealand. The stones are used for bearings in electric meters such as are employed to register the number of kilowatt hours of energy used in the home. In the case of the meters shall be accurate there must be practically no friction in the bearings. The mechanism of a meter turns in proportion to the amount of light burned or energy used. The wearing parts must be as hard as possible, that constant contact with the world and the diamond is the hardest substance in the world, and the sapphires have to be used in the shaft bearings. The diamonds and sapphires are a close second. The bearings made of these precious stones have a long life, and though they originally cost more, they are the cheapest in the long run.—Exchange.

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Youngest Naval Sponsor Held Her Court at Meeting



MISS LORNA PINCOCK AND MISS ELEANOR GOW,
 Daughters of Commander Gow, U. S. N., the Youngest of the Sponsors.

Miss Gow Christened Submarine Cuttlefish September 1906.

Every delegate to the first meeting of the Society of Naval Sponsors at the New Willard the last two days had her own little court of admirers.

The elder women, whose cheering words gave impetus to ships, which have since been taken out of commission, were the objects of pretty consideration. The girls, who have not been long out of school, and who only a few years ago smashed the time-honored bottle of champagne on a new ship's bow, looked their loveliest. But there was one young lady who had things pretty much her own way during the

two days' session of the society, and whose opinions were given just as much attention and consideration as any one of the older heads in the gathering. This particularly fortunate young lady was Miss Eleanor Gow, the nine-year-old daughter of Commander Gow, U. S. N.

Christened Submarine.

Little Miss Gow has been a naval sponsor since September, 1906, when she lifted her pretty little voice and sang out: "I christen thee Cuttlefish," as a little submarine glided down the ways at Fall River, Mass., waving its flag in the face of the dainty little maid who promised to watch her charge's career through all the years that were ahead of them both.

Miss Gow is mighty proud of the Cuttlefish and she can tell you just how the boat is today and will be tomorrow with all the accuracy of the Intelligence Bureau of the Navy Department.

She gave her promise to the Cuttlefish as the boat went out into the stream that day back in 1906 that she wouldn't lose track of her, and she has kept her word.

Youngest Sponsor of Them All.

This charming little girl is the youngest naval sponsor in the United States, and lives at Fall River, where her father is now stationed. She was accompanied to Washington by her mother and thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of being one of a group which included so many prominent and fascinating women.

Miss Lorna Pincock, of Salem, Mass., whose gentle hand sent the Salem on her way with a historic name, is another youthful sponsor in this exclusive circle. Miss Pincock was frequently mistaken for the youngest sponsor because her mite of a sister sponsor was so little that sometimes she couldn't even be seen.

Miss Pincock graciously corrected this mistake every time and proudly pointed to little Miss Gow as the baby in the group.

STRANGER AT WHITE HOUSE FOR THE STATE RECEPTION IS CENTER OF ATTRACTION

New Englander Grips President's Hand, But Overlooks Mrs. Roosevelt.

State receptions at the White House excite no more emotion in the breasts of those who attend them regularly than would a simple dinner in the dining room of a large hotel. To enter the White House early, pass through the line as quickly as possible, and depart for parties of smaller proportions was a routine to the "regular." It is in contrast with this type that newcomers become conspicuous and, in many instances, amusing.

There were a score of such instances last night at the army and navy reception, the most prominent among which was a youngster from New England. He arrived at the White House early and had an excellent position in the line. He chafed at the delay, shifted from one foot to the other, looked his fingers first in front of him and then beneath his coat tails, made his stab for pockets which the tailor had failed to make in the brand-new trousers, and then looked foolish.

Sees Blue Room.

Slowly but surely the line moved forward until at last the New Englander could catch a glimpse of the Blue Room. Being wise, he watched carefully the method of procedure of those already in the Blue Room, so that he might do his part as nonchalantly as a society lion.

As he reached the Blue Room he began to breathe quickly, and it was evident to those about him that he was in a state of mental excitement to save the last. At last the President was in sight. Apparently, the calm and kindly manner of Mr. Roosevelt reassured the stranger in a strange land, for he was seen to shrug his shoulders in a resolute manner as he strode up to Colonel Brownell and gave name, his full name, with a Mister tacked on in front for good measure. But in his excitement he must have become slightly tongue tied, for the colonel presented him to the President by an imposing French name which, phonetically, was his entire group of names.

Under False Colors.

Flustered for a moment and slightly hurt to think that he was being presented under false colors, the younger, nevertheless, recovered himself in time to grasp the hand of the President with a grip as tight as ever he had used in

guiding a plow "to him." He bowed his head slightly in response to the President's kindly greeting, then straightened like an arrow, threw his head back proudly, and with "eyes round" strode stiffly through the room, looking neither to the right nor left. He arrived finally in the Red Corridor with a realization that something was missing. He turned to an officer and asked: "Say, where was Mrs. Roosevelt?"

Mrs. Roosevelt.

And then the New Englander realized that, in striving to avoid social pitfalls, he had missed the gracious smile of the mistress of the White House and had not seen one of the many prominent women who held court in the Blue Room. Just to relieve his feelings he unburdened his heart and sorrows to the kindly officer and then bolted for the cloak room.

Man With Monocle.

One of the most immaculately attired men at the reception, with a monocle, dressed desperately in front of his left eye, stood in a group in the East Room, when some one bumped a woman with such force that her face struck the young man on the left shoulder. "I beg your pardon," she began.

Then she stopped. On the young man's coat was a large spot of pink powder, delicately tinged with pink. The woman fled without finishing her apology. The young man drifted here, there, everywhere, and at each step he was the center of attraction, and all eyes were turned on him manly back and his well-tailored clothes, much to his satisfaction. Finally a girl friend led him to a mirror, turned his back to the correct angle and then told him to look.

Foreign Uniforms.

The beautifully decorated uniforms of the foreign attachees brought forth many "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the young girls, but the most touching admiration of man and uniform was expressed by a pretty girl who is not new to White House receptions and whose eyes should not easily be deceived by the glitter of gold.

"Mamma," she said, "Look there. What a shame to shoot a handsome man like that."

Secretary Root.

Secretary Root held a little reception of his own in the Green Room, and the diplomats and their families crowded

Uniforms of Army and Navy Add Splendor to the Gathering.

around him until the group became quite large. Sharing honors with the Secretary was Baron Takahira, the Japanese ambassador, who has just returned from his diplomatic work in Washington. The baron was smilingly happy, and after he left the Green Room he wandered around, renewing acquaintances and expressing his delight at his chance to again live in Washington.

Marine Band Music.

The excellent music of the Marine Band had varying effects on the immense gathering. "The Merry Widow" set the girls to humming and whistling softly, while "Semper Paratus" was scarcely begun when soldiers, young and old, began to mark time as they stood wedged in, fearful to take a full-sized step lest they leave their seal of clumsiness on the train of a beautiful dress. In the midst of this stirring piece of martial music one of the White House colored waiters came striding down the corridor, carrying a tray full of glasses in his left hand.

Hands, head, feet, and body and tray kept time with the music with an exactness not excelled by the perfectly wielded baton of Lieutenant Santelme.

When the right foot went forward the tray and head bowed down; on the next beat the left foot went forward and the head and tray rose triumphantly and despite the crowd, the waiter missed a step from one end of the corridor to the other.

One of the principal topics of discussion in the line awaiting the handshake of the President was the probable length of time each had been waiting outside. The "stand-ups" or guests who had been waiting outside the White House maintained that they had been waiting out in the cold an hour. The "sit-downs," or those who enjoyed the luxurious cushions of the White House, maintained that they had remained outside the White House corridors an hour and a half.

"I did," admitted the portly person, "not prove anything."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

KNOX MAY FILL SPOONER'S PLACE

Successful in Past as Spokesman for the Administration.

Is Thought to Favor Turning Pennsylvania to Taft.

The vacuum which was left on the Republican side of the Senate—and it was a large one—when John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, resigned from that body, shows symptoms of being filled before long by Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania.

It is no longer a secret that in casting about for a man who has the legal knowledge, the ability, and the skill to handle Administration questions in the right way, the President has set upon Senator Knox. Many times this session Knox has been presented as the spokesman of the Administration. True, he has not been urged as the particular champion of the White House, because he is himself a candidate for President. But he has been pressed to the front in connection with the employers' liability and other measures in a fashion which made it apparent that he enjoyed the special confidence of the President.

Visited White House.

Recently Senator Knox has been a frequent visitor at the White House, and it is known that he has been much in conference with the powers which determine the Administration's attitude toward progressive legislation. Anti-trust legislation, and measures for the amendment of the Sherman law, have especially demanded the presence of Senator Knox at the White House.

It is understood that the Administration's ideas about the amendment of the employers' liability law are represented in the Knox bill, and that pending measures concerning the adaptation of the anti-trust laws to present conditions and recent court decisions have also required his attention.

In this connection, the rumor which has just gained currency, concerning the relations of Knox to the Taft Presidential movement, are of especial interest. It is declared that at the right time Pennsylvania will, in the main at least, turn its votes in the national convention to Taft, and that this decision is to be so timed as to give Pennsylvania large credit for making Taft the nominee.

Anti-Taft Men Worried.

In this connection, it has been strongly claimed that the anti-Taft alliance is worried about Pennsylvania, and that some forty of the sixty-eight votes of that State will likely go to Taft at the first chance.

Senator Knox, according to this account, is to become the chief apparent spokesman for the Administration in the upper chamber under the Taft administration. He will succeed to the place of Spooner. His legal knowledge, together with his skill and tact as a legislator, is to make him the law authority for his party in the chamber where laws are finally put into the shape in which it is assumed to be safe to pass them.

This position is one which was regarded as almost his due when Spooner retired. Knox has aspired to it, and his legal service is widely considered to equip him in a special way for it.

RAISULI VERY WROTH; NOT GOING ON STAGE

TANGIER, Feb. 21.—Boiling with anger at reports that he is to appear in a London music hall, the basha, Raisuli, has sent an officer into Tangier to deny specifically that his master has the least thought of entering the vaudeville field.

His representatives say the chieftain was frantic when told of the wide circulation given the offensive rumors, which he declares derogatory to the highest degree to his dignity as shereff.

RUSSIA DENIES REPORT OF TROUBLE WITH TURKEY

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 21.—The government has denied the rumors that it was preparing for war with Turkey. The government adds that it is equally untrue that Turkey is mobilizing troops on the Russian frontier.

The Ottoman ambassador has informed the ministry of foreign affairs that Turkey is merely taking steps to protect the Turk-Persian frontier, where the Kurds are restive. It is added that Turkey's attitude toward Russia is very friendly.

GEN. FRANCIS E. DODGE LAID TO REST IN ARLINGTON

The funeral of Brig. Gen. Francis S. Dodge, retired, who died Wednesday, is being held this afternoon at St. John's Episcopal Church, the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith officiating. A military escort accompanies the body from the church to Arlington Cemetery, where it will be buried with full military honors. The honorary pallbearers are Justice E. L. Han, Gen. George M. Sternberg, Col. H. L. Rogers, Gen. George B. Davis, Col. Valerie Harvard, Dr. Charles Monroe, Col. C. A. Steadman, and Rear Admiral Sigbee.

General Dodge was a veteran of the civil, Spanish-American, and several Indian wars, and veterans from all these wars are today paying the last respects to him.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

All England is succumbing to a wave of the keenest interest in spiritualism, induced by the remarkable declaration of Sir Oliver Lodge that he has definitely proved the existence of a future world by spirit communication from friends long dead. Sir Oliver is principal of the University of Birmingham, one of the foremost scientists in England, and the author of numerous books on psychical research.

Edmund Gurney, Richard Hodgson, and F. W. H. Meyers, all formerly prominent in England, were communicants with Sir Oliver, adding: "We were by no means convinced of their identity until crucial proof, difficult even to imagine, had been supplied.—Exchange.